

An Experimental Encounter - Toothless and Stitch(MM)

by bolt.bond

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Summary: this is a Stitch/Toothless Slash fic. I DON'T OWNED THIS STORY. It's made by /submissionview.php?id 40595) from InkBunny.

Toothless/Stitch. Contains: Sex, obviously. Therefore, rating M.

An Experimental Encounter - Toothless and Stitch(MM)

An Experimental Encounter

By BunnyCub

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Warning the story contains material of a sexual nature between non-human males. So if your too young or easily offended please go no further. Thank you for reading and please enjoy

The four-armed little blue alien rushes through the tropical undergrowth, he can't believe he has to do this ... again. He'd just caught this cousin last week but that bumbling idiot back at the house just had to meddle with things.

Jumba had originally designed Skip to leap forward 10 minutes in time, but due to an error, the little purple creature dropped you 10 years into the future. It had been painstakingly troublesome catching him the first time, now he was loose again.

Stitch can vividly remember the scene back at the lab. "I'm thinking I have fixed experiment 089. It was simply a matter of reconfiguring his tachyon structure." But before the fat four-eyed purple alien could finish, he dropped the creature's containment case setting Skip free with his power set to a new untested level.

All that means is that instead of staying home in his nice warm bed,

Stitch has to go out in the jungle, tromping through the underbrush in the dead of night looking for someone he'd already caught. "Naga bootifa." Mutters the blue critter, just to vent some of his frustration, he tries to keep the muttering down to a minimum not wanting to alert the fugitive to his presence but If Jumba's tinkering worked, Skip should be fairly harmless by now.

He finally comes across the little creatures tracks and scurries after him. His cousins could be cunning but most haven't had time to learn the lay of the land so Stitch is able to figure out Skip's most likely destination and take a short cut. The little blue alien settles down in the tree, he's good now, but he still loves moments like this, moments where he can let the old instincts out for some exercise. While he has time, he checks his backpack making sure his capture gear is all accounted for, and his emergency snack supply is intact. A rustling noise in the undergrowth catches his attention, and the alien crouches ready to pounce, as he leaps towards his target he shouts, "Aggaba!" ordering it to halt.

Skip on the other hand just hears the fierce war cry and sees the blue blur hurtling at him. The little purple monster screams and panics, there is a flash of light and the two aliens simply blink out of existence.

Stitch moans softly as he gradually comes awake, something happened last night he's sure, but he's confused as to what exactly. Somehow that little fink must have got the jump on him and knocked him out, it's already morning. It takes a few seconds for it to sink into the alien's fogged mind that something is very wrong here. It's cold, far colder then it should be on Hawaii, and while he can hear the ocean, this doesn't resemble any part of the island Stitch is familiar with, and the little blue alien had explored a good sized portion of his new home by now. Something is definitely wrong here. He looks out over the rocky terrain and the rather spotty scrub grasses, and wonders if that idiot Jumba had turned Skip into a teleporter rather then a time traveler.

Stitch just sighs and shoulders his pack, nothing to do but find the little pest. He had to have come through with Stitch, that's just how his power worked. Last time he'd had a reset function, all Stitch had to do was find him and hope like hell it still worked.

The little alien trudges along, wondering why it's so cold. He thought earth was a hot place, he shivers but doesn't give up. He can see tracks in the ground but he's not sure if it's from the purple alien or something else. He bends low sniffing at the ground, it's a strange scent, not anything he'd ever encountered on earth before but it wasn't Skip. Maybe it was another experiment, he growls softly crouching low even though the grass isn't nearly tall enough to hide him.

Way up in the sky something spots the scurrying blue shape below, he hovers for a moment wondering what this new thing is, he's never seen anything like it. "Randifloss?" he mutters as he circles, but no, the ears might resemble a rabbits, but it doesn't move like one. The black form pulls into a steep dive with a harrumph and spirals down at the creature, at the very last second he pulls up letting the wind from his wings bowl the little blue alien over into the grass. The black dragon snots with laughter as he watches the thing tumble across the field, it's small, smaller then a human, and it's got too

many arms, it must be some foreign dragon. As the blue thing scrambles to it's feet it spills it's pack accidentally scattering the contents all over the ground. The dragon rocks again with laughter to see the little blue thing scrambling for it's stuff. He laughs so hard he accidentally snorts fire, a situation akin to squirting milk out of your nose in the cafeteria.

As the fireball arcs overhead, Stitch hits the ground dropping most of his things once more. The heat even manages to melt the chocolate bars he'd been trying to gather up, but the little alien's eyes narrow on the great black figure. He decides he's got more to worry about then embarrassing brown stains in his fur. This must be some other experiment, decides the heroic little alien, he doesn't know what it's doing here but he knows it has to be caught. He looks about for his gear but most of it is too far away to be any good. He stands up stretching to his full height and glares across at the creature. He thumps his chest and shouts at the monster, "Feeboogoo!" daring it to come after him.

Toothless snorts, as he sees the creature stand ready to challenge him. This little thing is brave, that makes it rethink, maybe it's not a dragon after all. Most dragons would run when faced with a much bigger foe, and what ever language it was talking in wasn't Dragonese that's for sure. But if the little thing wants a fight it'll get a fight, the dragon charges forward all four legs pumping in a mad rush towards the target.

He sweeps his wing to try and knock the little pest to the ground but the alien leaps into the air barely clearing the flashing wing, it lands on the broad scaly back trying to punch his way through the tough scaly hide. Toothless just hisses in frustration as he lashes his tail over his back sweeping Stitch off. The blue critter is back on his feet in an instant and scrambling back towards the dragon, again Toothless leads in with a wing sweep, and again Stitch jumps up and over the move but this time the dragon brings it's tough skull around in a surprisingly forceful head butt, knocking the breath from the creature and sending him sprawling.

Toothless stands over the small blue thing, he kinda wants to keep playing so he eyes the creature grinning like a cat. One clawed hand comes up to bat at it when the dragons nostrils flare, something smells good. It's an odd smell something he'd never come across before, but it's oddly enticing. The dragon leans forward, the smell seems to be coming from the blue thing, he takes another deep sniff but not from all of him it's apparently the brown stuff smeared on his fur.

Stitch grumbles to himself as he catches his breath, if he had his gear he'd make sure this overgrown gecko would pay. Blearily he opens his eyes just in time to see a great big maw gaping open before him, and a pink tong slapping him in the face. The dragon's tongue carries along, slurping up his face leaving the little alien spluttering with impotent rage.

Toothless pauses for a second trying to place the taste, it's not like anything he'd ever had, not like the fish or rabbits that make up his normal diet, this was sweet but not the same, sweet as the jam he's stolen. "Scrumlush." Mutters the black scaled behemoth before he leans down to slurp at more of the brown stuff.

The alien tries to struggle back to his feet only to have the snout push him back down onto the ground, before that big tongue slurps along his chest. Stitch hesitates, it feels good to be licked like this, maybe he shouldn't be so quick to jump back into the fight. The next lap moves a little lower, and he can hear the big beast. He'd swear the thing was purring as it cleaned up all the chocolate, as that tongue found his crotch Stitch starts to moan and squirm. It's been along time since anything touched him there, the humans seemed to have all sorts of hang-ups about that. He moans as the continued lapping gives rise to a problem, his slit parts and a rather substantial member begins to peek free.

Discovering the new obstruction Toothless gives it a lick wondering if it too tastes sweet. He smacks his lips trying to separate out the new taste from the old, the pink thing starting to poke into view doesn't taste bad he decides, a bit musky but not bad. He starts back into his task since there is plenty of chocolate ground into the fur around his balls.

Stitch's eyes cross feeling that big tongue rooting around his nuts, after so long it's just too much for an alien to take. He's about to spring forward and find something to do with his dick when a scaled paw unceremoniously rolls him over onto his belly. Stitch's moans grow even louder as that tongue works at the half melted squares of chocolate he's sat on, slurping at each cheek in turn, before diving right between them probing that pink little pucker in search of buried treasure. The moaning little alien lets two paws slip to his cock, madly stroking as one branch of the forked tongue stretches him wide open and the other one tickles the base of his nuts.. With a grunt the blue balled little critter squeezes hard, cumming into the grass with a flurry of paws.

With a snort the black dragon pulls back looking over the thing, it seems he'd gotten every bit of the tasty stuff on the little groundling. He's wondering if there's more, forgetting all about the alien he snuffles at the ground searching. The dragon grins as he comes across the remains of the candy bars and their wrappers. While most had gotten all over Stitch there still was quite a bit of good stuff caked on to those tinfoil lined wrappers.

The alien looks over his shoulder seeing the beast is now leaving him be, it has it's back to him now, like he's no longer important. The alien growls softly, he won't be ignored, not by anyone. He'd make that thing pay attention to him one way or another. He stumbles over to where the dragon seems entranced by the remains of the candy that Stitch had brought with him. The big beast doesn't seem to notice when little blue arms start to probe his backside, he finds the vertical slit though and delicate little paws reach out and gently tug out the dragon's full length; as the Massive length of slick cherry red maleness slips into view the little alien takes a deep breath. "Eegalagoo!" he gasps out in awe, almost reverentially he reaches out two hands stroking the massive length before his big wet tongue lashes out slurping along the underside for a taste.

Toothless jumps at the strange hands on his backside, but doesn't feel the little thing could hurt him there. He snorts loudly though as paws grip him intimately and pull his naughty bits out into the open air. This could be very bad, thinks the dragon as he peers between his legs. Before he can do anything however the stroking paws

make him shiver and the lick just makes him light headed.. As the little thing slurps up along the length of his dragon dong the black scaled monster goes weak in the knees, all four of them. He'd never felt anything like this before, the young dragon flops onto his side rolling onto his back, his ruby red member standing out among the blackness of the scales. He looks over at the alien, his eyes pleading for him to continue.

Stitch smiles knowing the creature likes this game now, he clambers up onto the dragon's stomach, all four of his paws stroking the dragons penis, fingers exploring the shape. Each hand tracing a different vein in the pulsing length of meat. The blue experiment wonders what it will taste like, in the end. He opens his maw and brings his lips down around the pointed tip, Stitch suckles gently before kneeling down on the beasts belly. He strokes the monster cock from base to tip even as he tries to take more of the great thing, pushing his lips down until he can feel the member tickling his throat.

The dragon whimpers softly, this felt too good to be real. He'd never imagined that such pleasures could come from his cock. He'd have to show Horrorcow later, maybe even let the other dragon play with the blue creature. Toothless' eyes settle on the blue furred little rump that seems to be swaying right before his face, it's the sight of the little pink length of flesh that stirs him into action though. His head moves forward, his tongue flickering out to once more slurp at that protruding piece of meat. As that wide tongue catches not only the cock but tightly packed little balls, as well as the blue furred butt. The dragon grins to hear a strangled yelp from the thing that's trying to engulf his manhood.

Stitch whimpers softly as a fork of that tongue squirms up his ass. Damn this thing was a quick study, reluctantly the little blue creature steps away from the mammoth member, and that titillating tongue, he circles around until he finds the second small opening. He looks down at the tight pucker and at his own erection, which had maintained readiness. He pouts thinking that the big reptile wouldn't be satisfied that way. He thinks about it before bending down, licking the big monsters anus.

This gets a snort from the dragon, it's a totally new sensation for Toothless, It seems this blue thing is a veritable font of wisdom. It tickles a little bit, it's not a bad tickle, so he settles down almost purring from the attentions.

The alien's tongue slurps along that puckers opening teasing the powerful muscles as he thinks. He lays down along the creatures black belly both right paws gripping the big-ridged shaft. One of his left paws, those relentless little fingers gently tease the anal opening, pressing into that spit slick pathway tenderly teasing the powerful muscles as he pushes it in. While this happens he leans to the right letting his tongue lash out along the length of cherry wood, both paws stroking it firmly.

The black dragons eyes cross as he feels something going inside him. That's not supposed to happen, he's pretty sure of that. But then the tongue touches him and those paws seem to calm him down. It doesn't seem so different from grooming, he muses. Only to start again as the limb pushes it's way in deeper and deeper.

Stitch almost curls his body around the dragon's monolith, he can feel the beasts pre dripping into his fur, his own cock rubbing the base of the dragon's shaft. He can feel every pulse now, he pushes his fingers in deeper searching until they find what he's looking for. The gentle strokes, the protrusion all getting a contented purr from the dragon, but when his fingers press in harder, the big boy really takes notice. The creature moans as that paw kneads his prostate like bread dough. The little alien rocks himself, his cock sliding along the warm dragons scales feeling the fire in the beasts belly even as his ministrations coax forth another sort of eruption.

Toothless whimpers and gasps, this is definitely not like grooming. He moans out in pleasure not knowing if there is anything else to expect. He's never felt anything remotely like this before, but something primal seems to tell him there is more to come as he feels something else welling up inside him. Knobs start to form on his cock, the base of the dragon meat swelling up as a knot forms pressing into the alien's belly, giving him something to thrust between as he moans out his pleasure. The big dragon doesn't seem to notice though as he shudders, tail lashing out wildly. With a roar the dragon climaxes, showering them both with a white rain of sticky warm dragon seed.

For a moment Stitch doesn't even notice the climaxing dragon, lost in the bliss of his own orgasm as he sprays across the black beasts belly scales. Moments later though his mere handful of spooge is swamped with what looks like gallons of dragon jizz. With a moan he pulls his arm free before lapping his way up the reptiles member once more, this time slurping up as much of the salty dragon secretions as he can manage, it only seems fair. After all, hadn't the beast eaten all of his chocolate? He should get as much cream as he can handle.

After a good five minutes of licking the dragon is no where near clean but the little blue alien is full, with a contented grunt he rolls off the beast and onto his belly. Toothless in the mean time shuffles up onto his feet, he cranes his neck around, sniffing at what the blue thing did. It felt good, even when the blue thing stuck something up his butt, and it felt good when he'd had his penis inside the blue things mouth. His member still seems rock hard as he waddles over to the little alien. he looks down at the little form, resting there, on a full belly. The thought that it felt good to have his cock inside something keeps running through the dragon's mind as he looks down at the blue creature, with a smile he stands over the thing.

The little blue Alien is almost ready to doze off when he feels the shadow fall across him. His eyes go wide as he feels something pressing into him. Stitch squeaks, he wouldn't be trying to... "Naga!" he shouts as he tries to crawl away but strong black forelegs stop him and he feels that still slick prick pressing into him from behind. It's a good thing he was designed to be nearly indestructible because with something that was normally his size it would be painful indeed, but as it is the lizard's pointed cock tip manages to stretch him wide open. The creature squeals softly, it's not painful but it's not to comfortable right now that's for sure. He moans as the big beast goes even deeper.

Toothless groans softly, oh he was so right this does feel good. He

wants to push it in more but the little creature seems resistant. He wonders what he could do to get more in, and a wicked little idea comes into the dragons head. He shimmies his tight little butt, crouching down and unfurling his wings.

Before the alien knows what's happening there is a loud wump and the pair are airborne, Stitch gripped tightly to the dragons belly. The surge from the take off managing to eek a few more inches into that tight little orifice. The beast lets his forepaws grip the creature gently by the shoulders while half the dragons cock buried in his anus keeps his rear end pinned. The alien whimpers even more now, not just from the dragons violation but the fact that he's flying them out over the sea.

Toothless climbs up high letting gravity slow him until he hits the peak of his arc. The young black dragon then tucks his wings in and dives towards the sea, at the last moment he catches himself pulling up from the dive. As he does the alien shouts, fearful of crashing, loosening his sphincter enough that as the dragons pulls out of the dive, momentum and gravity manage to work him in a little deeper. Toothless moans and starts a series quick dives, letting gravity pull the creature forward on the way down only to have it reverse and slam him down a little harder as they work their way up. The black dragon flies in a wave pattern across the bay he can feel it again that pressure building up in his belly. It just feels so good being inside another thing, ohh he can't wait to show the other dragons.

Stitch for his part has gotten used to it. The roller coaster ride, frightening at first has started to feel good. It's an added thrill, this feeling of being buggered with the wind screaming past your face. The feeling of that massive cock grinding down on his prostate doesn't hurt either. He moans as they swing up again, pushing down he can feel the dragons knobs resting against his butt now. His little cock hard once more and he wonders if he'll be able to cum this time without even touching it.

The dragon knows he's almost there, but he knows he needs just a little bit more. Toothless raises up rolling onto his back at the peak. This time it's not a head long dive down, the dragon drops like a rock, and with a last jerk of his wings he stops the downward plunge. That sudden stop is all he needs. With a shout the blue creature slams down onto the dragons knot. It's a lot to take in but he manages, the sudden jerk causing him to slip over the edge one last time and the alien spends his orgasm sprinkling seed all over the foaming waves. Toothless though roars and moans as he floods the tight little cock warmer that now hangs limply from his groin. Hot dragon's spooge flooding his anus now to, a second load to match the one ridding in the creatures belly. He murrers softly winging back towards the island. He can't wait to show the other dragons the stuff he'd learned but he thinks he'll keep this little blue thing for himself. No need to share something this much fun just yet. The big black dragon spots a high ledge overgrown with tall grasses, and swoops down. As he steps onto the ledge he feels the knobs go down letting the blue creature slide free with a wet slurp. The little alien lays on the grass leaking white fluid from his rump. Toothless smiles and lays himself down, curling around the little blue toy. He purrs softly letting his fire keep the alien warm, he lays his head onto Stitch feeling a little possessive. The little alien opens one eye looking up at the dragon with a sigh before petting it's snout and snuggling into that warm scaled belly

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file.